THE DRAMATIZED NOVEL AGAIN

SOME ONE HAS MADE A PLAY OUT OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

It Deals With Political Ethics and Has Many Strong Points, but Seems to Lack the Elements of Enduring Success—Well Acted, and Lavishly Staged.

Once again we have the dramatized novel. Charles Edison Blaney, the producer of the latest stage version of a "best seller," evidently has so much faith in his play that he was the only manager with nerve enough to brave the theatrical terrors of Holy Week last night by presenting a première. He had faith in his play and confidence in his star, Miss Edna May Spooner, perhaps the greatest emotional actress ever born in Bergen street, Brooklyn. And so he went ahead last night at the Lincoln Square Theatre and put forth a production that knew no stint as to lavishness.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" is the name of the play, and it goes without saying that the drama is a stage version of the popular novel of the same name. When so much time, intelligence, splendid acting and money are wantonly dispersed throughout a production one hesitates to decry the result. But in justice to its readers THE SUN must say unhesitantly this morning that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will not prevail. Perhaps it will last out the week. It may run even longer, but unless its producers quickly grasp that a play that has to do solely with a question of political ethics that is above the heads of the proletariat can never be popular the producers will learn to their sorrow that that their time and money have been wasted.

Who dramatized the "best seller" the programme does not say. As the critics gathered in the lobby of the Lincoln Square last night between acts, those of them that remembered only the lines that were meaty with brute strength and power seemed to detect the hand of either Eugene Walter or Paul Armstrong in the stage version of the popular novel.

Again, the frivolous critics from the evening papers, their minds aglow with the sprightly lines delivered by a character named *Topsy* (a negro slave girl who contributes most of the comedy relief in blackface soubrette work) all swore that they were minded of Augustus Thomas at his very best. Others, remembering the sweet pathos of a character named *Evali a St. Claire*—popularly known throughout the play as *Little Eva*—were sure that the novel had been turned into a play either by Miss Ella Wheeler Wilcox or Mrs. Helen Green, the well known writer of children's charades and Christmas pantomimes. And so it went.

Quite setting aside the disappointment that the press agent's advance notices that the spectacular escape of a character named *Eliza*, a quadroon, would be reproduced in all the details described on page 359 of the novel—cracked ice floating in the Ohio River, bloodhounds, *Eliza* jumping bravely from cake to cake, &c., were not fulfilled in the Charles Edison Blaney production, one cannot forgive the many grievous errors of ethics and aesthetics that obtain throughout the four acts of the drama. *Ophelia* (and why borrow from "Lear," Armstrong, Thomas, Walter, or whoever you may be?) swears her love for the lone little girl named *Topsy*, but when it comes to kissing the little black and wayward child *Miss Ophelia* does not come up to our expectations, our demands, upon the character—whimsical, it is true, but ever lovable—that the author and dramatist have builded for us.

The refusal of *Miss Ophelia* to kiss *Topsy* even excited laughter among the hardened first nighters that thronged the theatre, and therein lies the doom of the play. *Topsy* herself, with all her lonesome wistfulness (she said at one time that she had no father, mother, sisters or brothers but jus' growed) loses our sympathy when she descends in the fourth act to stealing the gloves and silk sash of *Miss Ophelia*—admirably played by Mrs. Spooner herself—with no logical incentive to steal divulged.

A hit! Success! That much may be said for the benefit of the press agent before making out his Sunday advertisement; but when all is said and done, as already has been said, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will not last. Rumors that the No. 200 company now is being rehearsed to cater to the provincial trade are more than preposterous; they are ridiculous, absurd. In fact it may be stated authoritatively that already rehearsals are under way of an emotional drama called "Hazel Kirke," by Clyde Fitch, it is said, to supersede "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in the near future.

There was talk in the lobby of the Lincoln Square last night to the effect that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had gone far toward causing the war. Some of this flitted over toward the corner where young Mr. Young Corbett and his brother, younger Mr. Young Corbett, were conversing.

"Do you think it had anything to do with the war?" the younger brother asked young Mr. Young Corbett.

"That I cannot say," answered the older Mr. Young Corbett. "But," he went on, "what's the difference? We licked hell out of the Spaniards anyway." But be that as it may.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" opens in the high ceilinged but humble home of old *Uncle Tom*. The ceiling of the cabin is at least twenty-five feet from the floor, but that's neither here nor there. Up to yet not a member of the Spooner family has appeared, but the audience sits quietly listening to the small talk of *Uncle Tom* and a mulatto named *George Harris* and bides its time. *George* enters to applause and after him comes his wife, *Eliza*, also to applause. A minute later a cruel slave driver named *Simon Legree* enters to hisses. From that time on *Simon Legree* always is taking a wallop out of the aged negro slave, *Uncle Tom*, and when the old and lovable slave isn't on the stage *Simon* lashes the Morris chair at right stage. The chair is by a Grand Rapids furniture company, and if physicians will leave their seat numbers at the box office they will be notified by the head usher in case they are wanted.

"That isn't necessary," old *James Wilson*, a *Southerner*, observes to *Simon*—the unnecessary part of *Simon's* stage business being the kicks that *Simon* bestows lavishly upon the slats of *Uncle Tom's* two children. And after *Simon* goes off stage *George Harris* comes in wearing a red handkerchief over his brow.

He tells *Eliza*, who is his wife according to the programme, that he will go to the northland and seek work where slaves and masters are unknown. "Oh, don't, George! Don't! My God, don't—do not go away from here!" she pleads; so *George* goes. He tells her to be brave. Raise the boy to be good and fine and strong, *Eliza*, and, come what may, you will not let them take the boy away.

Scarcely has *George* left when *Mrs. Shelby* enters with the killjoy news that *Simon Legree* has not only bo't *Eliza's* child, but has bo't poor old *Uncle Tom*, the leading character, as well. *Eliza* has fled with the child to dog the footsteps of her husband, *George*, before this, and *Mrs. Shelby* pleads with *Uncle Tom* to run away too. But old *Uncle Tom* has pledged his word to Massa that when his new purchaser, *Simon Legree*, returns he will be ready to go with the slave driver. And the curtain splashes down into the tears that flood the house.

George Harris is seated in the home of *Senator Bird* in Ohio in the second act dressed like a prosperous dress-goods drummer. He wears a black glove on the left hand and is travelling under an assumed name that sounds in the back rows like Sellablaha. *Senator Bird* is attired in a high collar with an old fashioned white muslin concertina at the bosom. *George* avers to the Senator that never will he be taken alive nor will he again permit himself to be put up at Sheriff's sale. He is going out to find his wife, *Eliza*, for what are life or freedom without her and the little child, Harry? After he goes *Eliza* and little *Harry* come in from Kentucky and immediately, when *Senator Bird* and his wife, *Mrs. Bird*, learn from where they have walked they give them each to drink of an old fashioned Bourbon cocktail, unshaken.

Mrs. Bird has lost a white child of her own and knows the suffering of *Eliza*. So she unlocks a drawer and brings forth the little white kid shoes of her own child and gives them to little *Harry* to play patty-cake and shoot craps in. But across the yard, as seen from the window, come three men. Merciful heavens!

It's *Legree!* The old person named *Wilson* has called too. "Liar!" says *Legree* to *Mr. Wilson* among other things. Pull off your coat, old *Sir. Wilson*, for a gentleman and a soldier has been called out of his name. Hoorar! Revolvers. Take that, you scoundrel! And take that! And far across Lincoln Square the waiters in Healy's are rushing to the windows and whispering in awestruck tones, "Whisht!" Curtain.

At the rise of the next curtain we see the deck of a steamboat on its way to College Point but which has slowed down opposite the back drop, showing the shoot the chutes of North Beach.

"Don't wait, *Legree*," cries *Marks* (the part of a comedy shyster lawyer). His words are lost, for just then on the roof of the wheelhouse appears Mrs. Spooner herself as *Ophelia*. Ah, then you should have heard the hearty cheers. And when she said, "How shiftless," well——

Uncle Tom is in chains on the deck surrounded by a crowd of manacled smokes. *Legree* won't even give him a drink of water, although the old faithful slave hasn't had a drink since Thursday. *Legree* may own his poor old brack body, but *Uncle Tom's* soul's his own, and so the child character, *Little Eva*, brings him a drink. After that *Little Eva* goes over to the side of the steamboat and falls into Hell Gate and *Uncle Tom* saves her. So *Eva's* father buys *Uncle Tom* without even asking that a pair of suuspenders be thrown in, because *Uncle Tom* not only had saved the child's young life but had brought her out of the water perfectly dry.

She never got over that ducking, though, *Eva* didn't. In the next act she is seated in her father's garden surrounded by artificial palms and solid gold garden vases. *Uncle Tom* is now in evening clothes and is telling her about the bright spirits far above the clouds.

"*Uncle Tom*, I've seen those spirits bright," lisps the winsome child. "Up there; up there. I'm going to join them soon, *Uncle Tom*." She has a hunch.

Pete's dead, too—more trouble. *Pete* is *Uncle Tom's* boy. But *Eva* recalls that *Pete* is a little black angel now and is happy, and the old man revives. But his heart drops again when he learns that *St. Clair* has sold him to *Legree* for $2,000 and a couple of Smithfield hams.

The little blond haired child learns that *Tom* is going away into real slavery again. She gathers *Tom* to her heart as she reclines in her invalid tricycle and asks the old man to remain while she takes a look at the setting sun for the last time; for she still has that hunch that she is going to pass out soon.

The dying sun is golden in the gardens as poor old *Uncle Tom* bends over her. "I see the golden gates ajar," she murmurs. "I'll wait for you there, *Uncle Tom*."

Around her gather the line of slaves with two tall ones as end men. Afar off music is playing softly and sobbing is heard. With a tiny gasp she sinks backward as the sun drops low, and "She's gone!" groans *Uncle Tom*. One by one the faithful blacks chant the refrain, doubtfully, "Can yuh tell me wha' mah *Eva's* gone?" And as the curtain slowly drops the child up and perishes. But she was a great kid while she lasted.

There's another act after this in which *Simon* gets soused to the gills and kicks the life out of *Uncle Tom*. That's about all, except the tableau showing angels and stuff.

Although Miss Spooner appears on the stage only for a few minutes of one act, never has she appeared to better advantage. The support is more than adequate, but the play, inasmuch as it is the exposition of a political ideal that is caviare to the general, is doomed so far as popular success is concerned. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will not prevail.

NEWS OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Roof Garden Season Near—The Friars' Festival and the Firemen's Benefit.

William Hammerstein announces the opening of the eleventh annual season of Hammerstein's Roof Garden on Monday, June 1. The official title of the roof hereafter will be Hammerstein's Roof Garden. Mr. Hammerstein has cut out the "Paradise" on account of the picnic ground at Fort George using that title.

It is expected that one of the features of the Friars' festival at the New York Theatre on May 14 will be the first appearance in more than a year of Miss Clara Lipman, who will be seen with Louis Mann in a one act play wholly new to their extensive repertoire.

The benefit performance in aid of the Firemen's Memorial Fund, which is to be given at the Metropolitan Opera House on Friday afternoon, May 1, will present a notable bill. The committee announced yesterday that the following artists would positively appear: Mme. Emma Eames, Otis Skinner and company, W. H. Crane and company, Joseph Weber and company, Lew Fields and company, George M. Cohan, Marie Dressler, Anna Held, Alice Lloyd, "The Merry Widow" company, Edward Johnson and Sophie Brandt in the "Waltz Dream" kiss duet, Eddie Foy, John A. Slavin, the Four Mortons, the McNaughtons, Josephine Cohan, May Vokes, That Quartet and Yorke and Adams. Important additions to the bill will be announced later.

Scottish Rite Masons have arranged for all the seats at the Savoy Theatre for "The Servant in the House" performance of Monday evening, April 27.

The following singers have been engaged by Signor Achille Alberti for the Helen Noldi Opera Company season of grand opera at the West End Theatre, which opens April 27: Sopranos, Mlle. Helen Noldi, Charlotte Grosvenor and Josephine Hall; tenors, Louis Samorieff, Cecil Calvert and William Xanten; contraltos, Rose Marie Campbell, Georgia Strauss and Juliette Roslyn; barytones, Achille Alberti, George Hoff and Sinclair Hall. Signor E. Boccalari has been engaged as conductor. The opening opera will be "Il Trovatore."

Charles Frohman has accepted in Maude Adams's name an invitation from the English department of Yale University for Miss Adams's appearance before the undergraduates and faculty in a Shakespearian rôle similar to the invitation received and accepted from Harvard. Mr. Frohman has completed the details of these university performances, which as special events will be added to the already lengthy season of Maude Adams in "The Jesters." These special performances will constitute Miss Adams's first return to Shakespeare since she acted *Juliet*.

FRITZI SCHEFF'S DIVORCE SUIT.

The Singer Returns From Tour and May Testify Before the Referee.

It is understood that a referee's report will be made soon in the divorce action which Fritzi Scheff has brought against her husband, Baron Friedrich von Bardeleben. It is expected that Miss Scheff, who returned to New York yesterday after a tour through the United States and the large Canadian cities, will testify before the referee, Emond E. Wise, to-day or to-morrow and that he will close the testimony and prepare his report a few days later.

The Baron has made an appearance through a lawyer. So far as can be learned he is not making an elaborate defence.

Miss Scheff was not inclined to talk about her private affairs last night. "I do not care to discuss this divorce suit," she said. "I have travelled sixteen thousand miles with the Mlle. Modiste' company since I left New York six months ago, and I am frank to say I am tired out. Just as soon as I can I am going to a place up in the Jersey hills and rest. Then I will return to rehearsals and business again. All my affairs are in the hands of my lawyers and business agents."

"DAS RHEINGOLD" PERFORMED

WAGNER'S SERIAL DRAMA BEGUN AT THE METROPOLITAN.

The Opening Representation One of the Best Ever Given at the Opera House Through Its General Excellence—Dippel Makes His Last Official Appearance.

One of the best general performances of "Das Rheingold" ever given in the Metropolitan Opera House was that of last night, which ushered in a representation of Wagner's serial drama, "Der Ring des Nibilungen." Its excellences did not consist in superiority of individual interpretation, for we have had most of the artists in the same rôles before. Those who were new were not better than their predecessors, and in the case of *Loge* we have had several more interesting interpretations than that of Mr. Burrian, exhibited for the first time last night.

This new "Rheingold" was good because of the general and well sustained excellence of its musical treatment, while scenically it was more smoothly and picturesquely carried forward than this unfortunate work usually is. Mr. Hertz conducted, and he deserves warm praise. The score was read with abundant color, with life, vigor and warmth, yet the orchestra was at no time permitted to drown the voices.

The effect of the conductor's moderation of the tonal volumes was most noticeable in the first scene. The three Rhine maidens were Miss Alten, Miss Weed and Mme. Kirkby-Lunn, who sang their music with good intonation and with intelligence. Their singing came out far better than is the rule, and so did the rude raging of *Alberich* (Mr. Goritz), so that the significance of the scene became more than ordinarily clear.

The good playing of the orchestra continued through the performance, and Mr. Hertz's tempi were such as to prevent the work from moving heavily. It may be questioned, indeed, whether the wonderfully expressive narrative of *Loge* would not have gained some weight by a slightly slower movement. But possibly the tempo was that which the singer, Mr. Burrian, desired. If so, he may be said to have sacrificed his vocal opportunities on the altar of artistic conviction.

Mr. Burrian's *Loge* was excellently done in so far as the reproduction of the only genuine and warranted Bayreuth cackle was concerned. But this evil spirit was by no means the subtlest of the beasts of the field, even though he did for a moment at his entrance suggest the apparition of a brick dusted Hammerstein about to sow dissension among the children of the Metropolitan of Walhalla. But he proved to be a heavy footed, Teutonic *Loge*, by whom the spirit of the wavering fire had passed without an inflaming touch. "Honest Iago"—alas!

There was a new *Donner* in the person of Mr. Waterous, who exhibited sturdy limbs and voice. Mme. Fremstad contributed the beauty to the scene, for she was a lovely *Fricka* in appearance and voice. Mr. Van Rooy's *Wotan* revived memories of his best days, while the other singers repeated what they have done here in other days.

The light effects were managed much better than they usually are at the Metropolitan, but the stage hands all ought to go to the Manhattan next season and learn from the "Pelleas et Mélisande" performances how to make dark stage changes without a sound. Except for noise, which was less than it used to be, the changes were well made. That from the Rhine depths to the view of the newly completed Walhalla was really admirable. The newly elected director Dippel, made his last official appearance as *Froh*. But of course he may have to sing *Siegmund* or *Siegfried* before the end of the week

OPERA AT THE ACADEMY.

Italian Company Sings "Rigoletto" for a Dollar.

Those who like to reduce everything in this world to dollars and cents might compute whether the performance of "Rigoletto" by "The Italian Grand Opera Company" at the Academy of Music last night at $1 a seat was five times as bad as performances of the same opera at the Metropolitan. Personally we don't think it was. But we were never good at arithmetic. At any rate, it was not so bad that the old theatre had many empty seats, and enthusiasm ran high.

Mme. Norelli sang *Gilda*. She has been heard up the street not many seasons ago. Last evening the audience was unkind in its kindness; it forced her to repeat "Caro Nome," a task for which she was obviously unfitted, and the end was disaster. *The Duke* was sung by M. Russo, a tenor who has sung with Tetrazzini in the Tivoli company and in South America. His voice is not unpleasant, at times decidedly sweet. But the polish and the graces of lyric song are not his.

M. Alessandroni sang the name part with dramatic sincerity and no little vocal power. Had all the parts been sung as well the Italians who made up so large a portion of the audience would have been less restive. Trained by much rail hanging when Caruso sings, or Tetrazzini, these Italians more or less know how things ought to be.

The company will stay at the Academy all this week. To-night they sing "Il Trovatore," Wednesday afternoon "Faust" and Wednesday night "Lucia."

Mahler to Conduct N.Y. Symphony Concerts.

Samuel S. Sanford, president of the New York Symphony Society, announced yesterday that arrangements have been concluded by which Gustav Mahler will conduct three of the concerts of the society next season on Sunday afternoons, November 29 and December 13, and on Tuesday evening, December 8. Walter Damrosch, the regular conductor of the orchestra, invited Mr. Mahler to conduct this season, but owing to his engagements at the Metropolitan Opera House, he could not accept.

BRYCE FOUNDER'S DAY SPEAKER.

British Ambassador Guest of Honor at the University of Virginia.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., April 13.—The celebration of Founder's Day of the University of Virginia, an appropriate way of perpetuating the memory of Thomas Jefferson's educational policy, was observed to-day. The speaker was the British Ambassador, Right Hon. James Bryce.

The Ambassador, his wife and their guests, Dr J. B. Bury, regius professor of modern history in Cambridge University, and Mrs. Bury, reached Charlottesville last evening.

Mr. Bryce visited the grounds and buildings of the university in the morning and at noon delivered the Founder's Day address before a large audience in Cabell Hall. After luncheon he journeyed to Monticello to witness the placing of a laurel wreath on the tomb of Jefferson. He made a brief address.

In the evening, from 8:30 to 11, the Ambassador was the guest of honor at the first annual reception of the Colonnade Club.

Mrs. Anna C. O'Brien's Funeral.

The funeral of Mrs. Anna Cryan O'Brien, the mother of Water Commissioner John H. O'Brien and Frank M. O'Brien, secretary to Mayor McClellan, was held yesterday morning from the Church of the Holy Name, Ninety-sixth street and Amsterdam avenue. Many city officials, including Fire Commissioner Hayes and Sheriff Foley, attended the services. The burial was at Buffalo.

The Jobless Viewed From Essex Market Bench.

Timothy Healy, labor leader and member of the National Civic Federation, sat on the bench in Essex Market court yesterday with Magistrate Corrigan to study the condition of the unemployed. Healy was a delegate last year from the National Civic Federation to examine the labor situation in Europe.

WE'LL ALL FLY IN TWO YEARS

If We're Sports and Follow the Lead of the Aero Club's Aviation Section.

The Aero Club of America has come out flat and said that in two years all true sportsmen will be flying through the air and kicking their heels at terrestrial speed regulations. The motor car will then be a curiosity and the pedestrian's only care to see that a rapidly descending aeroplane does not make use of him for a landing stage.

It is the aviation section or committee of the Aero Club that is seeking to place us on a loftier plane. At present the members of the section can take us up, but they are not entirely confident that they can either keep us there or bring us down with safety, to say nothing of dignity. Though the machines are being rapidly perfected there is still a wild propensity among them of closing up without notice, of imitating swallows in unexpected lateral movements, westward flights when the tiller is due east, and sometimes descending to earth on the back like the wild duck pierced with a bullet.

M. Albert Triaca, who conducts a school of aeronautics at 2 East Twenty-ninth street, addressed the club last night. M. Triaca is a Frenchman and has all the enthusiasm that has characterized France in matters pertaining to aerial navigation. The audience was made up for the most part of newspaper men. M. Triaca said that in two or three months there will be machines in this country which will fly not ten miles but a hundred or a hundred and fifty miles. The speaker did not specify whether they would fly right side up or not. In ten or twelve years, he said, there would be as many practical flying machines as there are automobiles now. At present the cry is for money. This has a familiar ring, not to say an academic one. Rich men are needed to furnish prizes; prizes are needed to induce enthusiasts to wax more enthusiastic.

Daniel L. Braine has placed money, time and the risk to life and limb at solving the problem of aerial flight. After astonishing the natives of Montclair to the point of asylum thoughts Mr. Braine moved the scene of his operations to Long Island and is now mainly engaged, it would appear, in tearing down barbed wire fences.

32 YEARS PARK SHEPHERD.

The Sheep Celebrate Roosevelt's Consulship With Five Sets of Triplets.

James Conway, the shepherd of Central Park, celebrated yesterday the fiftieth anniversary of his employment in the park. He has been shepherd for thirty-two years. He received a package yesterday from a little girl who had visited the park with her mother. In the package was a silver whistle for the shepherd and a leather collar for her favorite lamb. There was a note which said: "Mamma used to play with the lambs when she was a little girl like me. She says you was then a great big man and was good to little girls."

The shepherd has had his home in a red brick cottage in the park that is nearly concealed from observation by surrounding trees and shrubbery. Here six children came to him and his wife. After forty-eight years of married life the good wife passed away eight months ago. The children have married and started homes of their own.

The shepherd's constant companion is his collie dog Jack, presented to the park by J. Pierpont Morgan.

The flock of sheep were out on the green yesterday nibbling the fresh grass. There were sixty-eight ewes in the flock and forty-five lambs born in the last ten days. There were five sets of triplets. It is unusual even for twins to make their appearance among the sheep.

MOSES MAY RETIRES.

Abraham Abraham Succeeds Him as President of Brooklyn Asylum.

Moses May has resigned the presidency of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, which he has held for the last fourteen years, and is succeeded by Abraham Abraham, who has long been the first vice-president of the society.

Mr. May, who is in his seventy-fourth year, found that he was no longer able to devote himself to the work of the institution with his old energy, and the directors accepted his resignation with deep regret.

Mr. Abraham is also president of the Jewish Hospital and actively interested in many other charities.

DIVORCE FOR DIETERICH

Recommended by Referee—Wife Went to Europe in December.

The report of Samson Lackman as referee in the suit for divorce brought by Alfred E. Dietrich against his wife, Edna Young Dietrich, was submitted to Justice McCall in the Supreme Court yesterday. The report is said to recommend that a divorce be granted to Dietrich, but none of the papers is open to the public.

Mrs. Dietrich is supposed to have gone to Europe on December 7 and about the same time Harry S. Brenchley, a horse trainer for Alfred G. Vanderbilt, sailed.

Mrs. Dietrich is well off in her own right and her husband is the son of Charles F. Dietrich, who resides at 963 Fifth avenue and is supposed to own a good deal of Standard Oil stock.

The Dietrichs have a daughter Grace, 4 years old, who, it is said, will be put in the custody of the husband.

Justice McCall took the report and evidence under advisement.

BOAT UPSET; ONE DROWNED.

Surveyors Unable to Save an Elderly Companion From the Bay.

A rowboat containing George Johnson, 63 years old, a watchman, and three surveyors, all employed by the Jersey Central Railroad, was capsized yesterday by the wash of a passing tug off Communipaw.

The surveyors grabbed Johnson in the water and tried to swim ashore with him. They were handicapped by their heavy clothes and boots and were obliged to let go after a long struggle.

Johnson's body was not recovered. He lived at 13 Crane street, Elizabeth.

Secretary Root and Family to Spend Easter in This City.

WASHINGTON, April 13.—Mrs. Root, wife of the Secretary of State, is in New York, to remain until after Easter with her mother, Mrs. Salem H. Wales, who will entertain a complete family party, including Secretary Root, who will go over later in the week; Lieut. U. S. Grant, 3d, and Mrs. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Elihu Root, Jr., and Edward Wales Root.

Baron Rosen, Russian Ambassador to the United States, left Washington to-day for New York, whence he will sail on Wednesday to join his wife and daughter, who have spent the winter in Russia.

The Seagoers.

Among the passengers who will sail on the steamship Kronprinzessin Cecilie for Bremen to-day will be:

Thomas F. Dolan, Mrs. Andreas Dippel, Capt. and Mrs. Du Pont Coudert, Mr. and Mrs. Horace S. Ely, Mr. and Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry, the Misses Gerry, Mr. and Mrs. James E. Mertins, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Robinson.

On board the steamship Pretoria for Hamburg will be:

Robert Brautchle, Mrs. Henry Erkins, Mr. and Mrs. E. Finsterer and H. M. Humphreys.

BOHEME WITH THE 13-ERS

AND EAT ICE QUAINTLY WITH TIP OF MERRY TONGUE.

Poor Tom Jefferson Got It Last Night, for He Was a Thirteen Child—He Wasn't There—Neither Was Cardinal Gibbons, W. Bryan Nor Prince Fierlzel.

Ever boheme? Say, it's all right. You're bound to like it, once you get into the swing. If you don't know how to go about it, just join the Thirteen Club. They have been boheming around and around for some time and by now most of them are regularly qualified little bohemers.

Don't be afraid you won't be able to break into the Thirteen Club. Anybody can get into the Thirteen Club. Nobody who saw it boheme at Little Hungary last evening could have any doubt that the club is a very liberal organization, and if you have any lingering suspicion about the quality of their bohemery you should have heard the madcaps at table 10 last evening singing: "We're soused because we are—we are."

This witty ballad, composed on the inspiration of the moment, was the work of James J. Higgins, the prominent Corlears Hook plumber, one of the Thirteen Club's principal bohemers. All hands said it went good. They said Mr. Higgins sung sweet, and then they helped him. After that Mr. Higgins went around slyly asking folks why a fireman wears red suspenders, and when he told why he never failed to get a hearty laugh. It is no wonder that Mr. Higgins is seldom without an invitation to dinner.

If you have never yet been born on the 13th of any month take care that you don't do it or the Thirteen Club will celebrate your birthday some time when you're looking the other way. That's what happened to poor Tom Jefferson last evening. Jefferson was so careless as to make his entrance into this breathing world on April 13, in the year 1743.

There were a large number of famous invited guests. You won't find any club that invites more famous people than the Thirteen Club does. William J. Bryan was one. He didn't come, but he sent a letter, the gist of which was that Thomas Jefferson was a praiseworthy citizen. John Sharp Williams didn't come either, but he wrote that Jefferson was all right. So did Champ Clark. Senator Robert L. Owen of Oklahoma stayed away too. So did Senator Robert L. Taylor of Tennessee, closely emulated in that respect by Senator F. M. Simmons of North Carolina. Bishop Potter, Cardinal Gibbons, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and a number of other well known persons also were among those absent.

The bohemers got to work early and kept at it until a late hour. The ices were served in glasses and many of the members displayed their originality by transferring the dainty sweets to their mouths entirely by the aid of their tongues, scorning to use the spoons which Max Schwartz had thoughtlessly provided for the purpose. Roars of laughter went up from table after table as this process was initiated and like wildfire it spread from table 10, which really was the centre of mirth, until it had practically a complete conquest of the whole cellar.

Alderman Reggie Doull was the centre of a jolly throng. He had on a large majority of his best clothes. On his right sat Clark Bell, who early in the evening removed his glasses from his nose and hung them in his sideboards. Edwin Markham occupied a chair at Reggie Doull's left. As a result of his activity his famous signature will hereafter adorn the office of many a livery stable and bakeshop.

Mr. Doull told about Thomas Jefferson. Many of those present had heard the name before, but they were all glad to learn something more definite about him, and some curiosity was displayed to find out whether Thomas was related in any direct way with Joseph. Mr. Doull neglected to enlighten the assembly upon that point, but he did say that Thomas Jefferson was born on April 13, 1743 (cheers), that he married Martha Skelton (hearty cheers), that her name had thirteen letters (very hearty cheers) and that he had sandy hair, a ruddy complexion and a tranquil, benevolent expression of countenance (long and frantic cheering). In fact, it appeared from what Mr. Doull further said that the Alderman thought Mr. Jefferson was quite a promising young fellow.

On the front page of the menu was an attractive portrait of Thomas Jefferson. The back page exhibited a similar portrait of Congressman William Sulzer. Up to a late hour neither of them had arrived, but it may be put down as certain that all the merry boys present went right on boheming to the very end.